THE NEW-YORK LEGEND

DEVOTED TO LITERATURE, ROMANCE, THE NEWS AND COMMERCE

VOL. XXIII ROBERT BONNER, PUBLISHER, 39 BEEKMAN ST. SATURDAY, AUGUST 31, 1867. TERMS, $1 PER ANNUM, IN ADVANCE. NO. 27.

ORIEF'S MYSTERY.

BY EMMA ALICE BROWNE.

Oh God! the meaning of our pain,
The dark enigma of our woe;
Our finite wisdom seeks in vain
To wrest from Thine eternity
Full-orbed, the mystery of things—
Why sorrow comes and why we sorrow,
Whose round the greatest circle, Time,
The hasty centuries recede.

Bound to the azimuth Book of Life,
We, united with Death's intricate chap.
With the dial-hand of Destiny,
The hidden clue we may not grasp;
Long nought within mind and weary eye
Beauty with brooding cross—the cloud—
Swept by Thine hand from heart and face
Among the laughter and the race.

Vainly we grapple the blind thought
That haunts the wonted calm of prayer;
Vainly we question the "morrow struggle;"
Where lies the whom the years unite?
But all our and mesmerizes fail—
Our deep philosophies are vain
To pierce the dark and secret veil
That guards the intangible realm of pain!

Oh God! the passion of our grief,
The cruelty cup of human tears,
Strews, with Thy grieving dower and shroud
And falls not with our failings, and
With weak and wandering steps we stray,
Thy love is ever strong to pause,
Those luminous tones flow and glow,
Their sweetness to the soul's increase.

We now under the cool and sheeted
Dead, seed of fruitful mind—
Instinct of eager-outward flowers,
We keep the wild and empty wind
We sift with patient hands to build
The glorious name that never dies,
And let the royal white be gilded
The precious cup in rain lies!

We strive to keep the master keys,
Whose glorious echo sometimes floats
Athwart our listening souls—
Prayer sounds vague and golden threads;
Ah! with mortals hands, frail,
By some unknown we May not see,
We touch the hidden chords, and fix
The world's great heart with melody!

The bones we catch from other shores,
Beyond the waves of sun and sea,
Rolling from heaven's wondrous doors,
Wave some front and is passing through,
Rain in the fleeting, silvery sunrise,
That sweeps the mountains,
The glowing glories of higher life
Throbs to heart with us—and dies!

NORWOOD;

OR

VILLAGE LIFE IN NEW ENGLAND.

BY HENRY WARD BEECHER.

[Entered somewhere in Act of Congress, in the year 1867, by HENRY BEECHER, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.]

CHAPTER XXXIV.

REYNOLDS AND HIS—SOME INFANTS.

While Heywood was spending the whither at his father's home, and enjoying all the sweets of those visits which belong to the hospitable old Virginian mansion, he found himself unwittingly drawn into an attitude of defence of his northern friends. Although he was thoroughly southern in his prepossessions and prejudices, yet he was highly endowed with the sentiment of justice, and it was not consistent with his honorable nature to hear his absent companions undervalued and stigmatized, when he knew the imputations to be unjust. The same thing had happened reverently while he was at Norwood. Thus, in the north he defended the south and opposed southern prejudices, and in the south he defended much which he had witnessed in northern society, and opposed the current which prevailed among the companions. He was not one of those whose pride is in retaining foreign travel, to boast that they have seen nothing worthy of imitation in all their journeying—a contagion that they have learned nothing, and will nigh an evidence that they are capable of learning anything. Of a studious and reflective turn of mind, he had eagerly observed and reasoned upon the institutions of different societies, and particularly the industry and his universal education. He had not succeeded in breaking away from those fatal notions of political economy instilled into his own generation, nor did he yet see clearly the philosophic explanation of that diversified industry and universal prosperity which he beheld. But he was on the way.

The principal of his friends, which once were his also, served to show him how far he was changed.

"Come, Tom," said his favorite sister, "be a good boy and stay with your mother! you like the south than you do that mean New England."

"Most certainly I do, Kate, I prefer the south, but without prejudice to New England. I've ought to think of a land which gave you such a mother as ours."

"Ah! mother came away from the north when she was but seventeen; and then she was of good family, and never worked for a living."

"It is true that she did not; but her mother did. Her father was a farmer's boy, and made his fortune by integrity and industry. Every one respected him for his solid worth."

"No matter, Tom; mother is a Virginian and not a Yankee. All her habits and thoughts have been formed here, and every body says that she is a true specimen of a southern lady."

"I am not a whit behind you in love for mother and admiration for her own native South; but if you mean to imply that only in the south can be found gentlemen and ladies of dashing and liberal breeding, I cannot go with you. Say, I know from my own observations that in any one New England, which you so little know, or you would not so detest it, is full of families that for no man can bet respect and admire. I speak from my own knowledge. No one could see Farmer Calhoun's house, or Judge Chandler's, or Mr. Wentworth's, or Dr. Bowditch's, or Mr. Reynolds', without feeling that he was in the presence of refinement and wealth, and of a great intelligence. His daughter Alice,—that Kate, if she were here you would need to look out for your laurels. But even she would not command your admiration so much as Rose Wentworth would."

"Well done, Tom!" cried his beautiful sister, who was as fierce as a dove, and as brilliant as a humming bird, and full as dangerous, and whose deity it seemed to be, on all proper occasions, to make a conquest.

"Well done, Tom; I wonder that you ever came back single! Pray, why did you not bring us one of those high-born Yankee dames with you, to comfort us all?"

"Stranger things than that have happened. If your father went to New England in a fit, why shouldn't he, too? And his notable success adds encouragement. Indeed, I think that early years a little acquaintance of mine on the part of some of my friends, to propose for His Worship's and marry her."

"Of course you would. And I don't mean to give you the notice—though it would require one more journey, and by bringing her into good society it might be the making of her."

"Come, come, my dear sister, that is very well for jesting. But, I tell you in good earnest, that it is not just now for the people of any one country to spend their time in deepening prejudices and promoting alienation. I confess that I dread the future, unless there can be infused more moderation and mutual respect on both sides."

"Who cares?" said young Hillyer. "Let times grow bad—I myself suffer, and what will not. The Yankees are a mean-spirited, peddling set. We have managed them for fifty years, and we can do it still. I could thrash ten of them without whistling. I hope I may see the day that we shall try it on."

"Well, Hillyer," replied Heywood, with a grave countenance, "it will be a terrible day for our country if the North and South should go to arms. I have no doubt of our success, but I regret an idea of battle. They are not a people who like fighting. They will be slow to enter upon it. But, if ever we are thrust upon them, they will take up war like a trade and learn it thoroughly. We are pained but the prospective of this whole nation against her for a hundred years, and yet she, more than any part of this Union, has gone right on prospering in every element that makes strong men. And I do not believe that she is likely to be checked now. But this talk is all idle. At any rate, I am grant that we may never put to proof our respective prowess."

With such views, it will not surprise our readers to learn that Heywood returned to Norwood for the second season with far more eagerness than when he had left it. His fair young sister now him back loaded with injunctions to remember her friends. Her commissions were, "I will never, never forgive those Yankees if they get any more brother away from us!"

Every man, we are often told, has a ruling passion. Heywood had certainly found out his ruling passion, which many people never find out all their lives, and which, if they ever find out, they should be sent so far off as not to be found again. Heywood was one of the few men whose success did not unsteady or excite that love to which it gave an accession. He already had far more than he could employ; and yet he was not satisfied. He was not yet rich. Indeed he was far richer than any one knew. He knew it, and he was glad of it. Accommodate such enterprises at were on hand, and to institute at his own cost. He was not a man of company mission, and for a year this gave him employment. Every board and beam, every pair of hinges, every lock, latch, and pane of glass came under his scrutiny. Conveniences of every sort were multiplied, and the whole was finished in not even to his wife, of what was going on, and the whole was finished in not even to his wife, of what was going on, and the whole was finished in not even to his wife, of what was going on

fool. I shrank have been less than a man if I had not loved her. I am not ashamed of it. I am not worthy of her. God saw it. But I would have given my whole life to becoming worthy of her. I never can nor her again—never—never. I could not look upon her and be silent. Now that she knows my secret, how can I look into her eyes without a burning tell-tale face; and that will be a lowering of the soul. No, I did not know how far I had gone. This has robbed me my very life——"

By this time Rod had strayed out of the village, and was more than half a mile beyond on the road toward Catharine. He sat down upon a large white rock as if he were looking at a landscape, though the darkness and silence were remarkable.

The heaven was full of concealed clouds. Now and then a distant flash of lightning revealed them, and long ranges of "thunder heads" shone brilliantly out, but in a second sank back into darkness. Low rolls of heavy thunder sounded the coming of a storm. A mist-wind swept through the near woods with a sound like rustling waters. In a moment it was gone; not a leaf moved, not a sound was heard. Then a wind-wave came rushing from the pasture; a shout back from a distant dog; human voices died away and left a dead calm behind. Such a fire-bomb filled the air; it was by rain from heaven in good earnest, and sounding upon a million leaves. It came with a rush upon Rod, and awoke him to some consciousness.

He looked up in surprise as if awakened from sleep. He did not know where he was, but instinctively he took the right direction, and never swerved, and then walked on a much longer time before he regained the village, drenched to the skin. The storm accompanied him all the way. Its thunders bellowed him, above him, all around him. Torrents poured down, and the lightning was like fire.

The storm had, at least, restored him to some self-possession, but not to prudence. Casting off a part of his clothes, and wringing out the heavy about him, Frank Rod sat down by the open window.

The storm had wasted its substance, or rather appeared to have driven forward in such a manner as to escape, whose artillery was still sounding in the far front, while stand-stragglers crowded after the rear.

There was something in this war of the elements that suited Rod's disturbed feelings; yet his mind fell off from the scene before him and wandered back to its childhood. Tears came at the thought of his mother. So absorbed was he in the recollection of scenes of his childhood that they passed before him, and he fled that he was that very one; he lay very blissfully scarred dispute from him, and he could almost imagine himself fled that he was that person whose life he wished to make over and begin again with freedom. It was not midnight. A short crisis of the storm had passed, and the lightning was not so vivid. He was so wearied. He shut the window, and went to his bed; but the song he thought of from his—

At length, toward morning, he fell into an uneasy slumber, and dreamed of all manner of things. All the day following he was languid and depressed. He knew not what ailed him. He started on looking in the glass to see the haggard face that his eye met. Several evenings, remembering Rose Wentworth's wish, he determined to go to her, but a strange apathy seemed to hang upon him. He remembered the difference of tongue of yesterday on his mind, and he could not, remembered then without emotion. At his accustomed hour, Wentworth rose, drew an him from the window, and greeted him at the door.

"Frank, this is good and noble. I knew that I did not disappoint you——" But what ails you, Frank? How ghastly you are!"

It seemed a long if anguish pierced Rose's heart. She could hardly imagine but a disappointment so small, in a few hours, could work a change! Rod made haste to say:

"Nothing. I was quite unwell last night. I was caught in the storm and thoroughly wet. I must have taken a severe cold, for I have not felt well since. But it will pass with a good night."

Dr. Wentworth, overhearing a word, came from his library.

"Frank, Rod, did you say you were not well? He approached, looked searchingly at him. "God, you should return to your room; I will send you some remedies. It may be but a cold, but we must not neglect it. Rose, my child, you must seek refinement at the hands of some one of your numerous admirers. You cannot have a spirit of benevolence is confined to go forth to the sick and dying. Rose sought to be a ministering angel, and was speaking in the language of her father's profession.

Rose had never been so busy as now, and was so delighted to be married in the house. It was a feeling that never died. There was no hope in it. It was a feeling that, when it came to selfishness, like a sacred lamp, which never burns out, and heeds no wind, which can only be put away from the fever of the world.

[To be continued in our next.]

THE AFFECTIONS.

There is a famous passage in the writings of Rousseau, the great philosopher of the last century, which is as true in human nature as it is beautiful in expression:—"Would it be a good world and our wherewith in it to call forth my affections? If I approached, would it hasten them on some sweet myrtle, or some fragrant rose-tree? If I became a family, I would count them for their shade, and greet kindly the passer-by, whose name I knew not, my name upon them, and declare that they were the sweetest flowers that ever grew. And if on their leaves withered, I would teach myself to look upon them with a sigh, and to cherish them along with them." Such is the absolute necessity which exists in the human heart to love and something to love. Unless the affections have objects on which they can repose, they wither away. The affections have this peculiarity, that they are not only productive of happiness, but the exercise is happiness itself. And not only so, if we love aright, the happiness derived from our other powers is enhanced.

TRANQUILITY.—I look upon tranquility of mind as a certain middle of nothing, or neither being whatever to the centre of the diseases. On the temple of happiness I find the several orders of naturals not laboring under illness so long as being here, which pass and pass away, and we, nor vet themselves about futurity but enjoy the present hour in a more exalted spirit. Health fulness is confined to so station, and it is according to how much good may be done, and what may be effected by limited means, united with benevolence of heart and activity of mind.

ELEVATION OF THE MIND.—Lofty elevation of mind does not make one indifferent to the wants and sufferings of those who are below him; on the contrary, as the earliest air of mountains make distant objects seem nearer, so are all the fellow-beings brought nearer to the heart of him who looks upon them from the height of his wisdom.

His sickness and previous experiences left upon his mind a deep impression, that in so far as he himself was concerned, life was ended. Now, whatever power he possessed was to be spent for others. All his ambitions were subsumed in those of kindnesses. Gradually he found his former enterprise overflowing into higher and nobler. With less exhilaration than formerly, he found himself more serious. He questioned whether he should not enter upon the service of the Church, and while in that mood he wrote to Dr. Wentworth, a part of whose reply we will print:

"... You had been living out of the influence of your pleasant home, feeling deep religious feeling but developed pattern which had been restrained or overborne by social pleas, there might be good reason for a change of profession. But you were born to be an ornament to society, and you have been trained in the pursuits of art. Why should you change? You speak of self-denial as necessary. Do not search for it. Whenever a lower course, a less worthy course presents itself to you, reject them. Do not seek pain for its own sake, but forbearing it, like many cheerful agents, wholesome and pleasant to their spirit; so those duties were shut on the marriage list made their tribute. Let your self-denial be in the line of duty. Mrs. Norlaw's orphan niece and wife, though not a beautiful woman, is a most lovely character, added to the list of her son's gentlest brothers, and her influence will become a family blessing. Mr. Norlaw's orphan niece and wife, though not a beautiful woman, is a most lovely character, added to the list of her son's gentlest brothers, and her influence will become a family blessing. There for longer or shorter times were never of the family circle, but I do not recall a time when we asked more for vegetables and sometimes the more generally for the whole family, the state whose wife was the most pleasing. But Lottie was so much in the habit of waiting on others that she could not find time to consider her in the same light. She lived in the house as a servant, and felt that was right, for she felt sure he would not think of her at all. Her own pride was subdued by her affection for him, so much, so distinctly that she was almost willing to be his servant

FROM THE HEART TO THE HEART.

BY GRACE H. ROSE.

From the heart to the heart,
Friendship proceeds
As one is fulfilled, and
Nobody needs.

From the heart to the heart,
Love shall endure;
All else is changeable,
Love shall be sure.

From the heart to the heart,
Words ever go
Scattering smiles or tears,
Blessings or woe!

From the heart to the heart,
Beams through the eyes
Beam from the bosom in
Eloquent spies!

From the heart to the heart,
Speaks through the tone!
Who the warm grasp of a
Friend can withstand!

From the heart to a heart,
Faithful and true,
This is the joy of a life,
For me and you!

THE "LAST WILL."

BY AMY RANDOLPH.

"Marriage is a lottery," said Genevieve Harper, "and I, for one, will have none of it."

"My dear, what a very foolish speech," said her sensible, old-maid cousin, picking up her crochet needle and the basket of spicy clove pinks where it had fallen.

"Well, but Cousin, can't help it."

The dark-eyed, impetuous little beauty was pacing up and down her boudoir, with both her hands behind her, and the blue-black curls pushed in silky confusion from off her white brow of those odd, bewitching *negligées* of home Nature that it is the fashion to describe as if it would be to photograph the glitter of lightning, or the evanescent glow of sunset colors. She was like a spark of fire, or a gleaming diamond, or a tropic night-bird, winged with flame and crested with jewels—a creature born to love and be loved: and when you heard her voice it was merely and deliberately asserting that she meant to avoid the close relation of matrimony, you couldn't have helped smiling at the very absurdity of the idea.

"Do tell me, Genevieve, working has been the only refreshment, until the dewy light turned her weary eyes to sleep, so easily with brilliance, and the faint pink roses blossomed in her cheeks—a picture of loveliness that was a little of the most dashed thing. The fact is, I've got a little money."

"A good deal, I should think," interrupted Miss Hulda Pennyroyal.

"Well, then, a good deal," went on Genevieve, "and somehow I am tormented to death by a hungry crowd of fortune-hunters. I used to believe I could discriminate. I don't now. I once thought there was here and there a grain of pure metal in the mass of dim weak, but I am pretty thoroughly awakened from the delusion."

"My dear! my dear!" interposed Miss Dolly, reprovingly, "you are forming altogether too rash judgments."

"I only judge by experience, and my experience has been that Selfishness rules the world, with Selfishness, Greed and Avarice in its train."

"Fie!"

"Perhaps the fault is in me," went on the bruncts. "If I had only been born good! There's my Wonderful, poor little thing, was married last week to a penniless musician. He loved her for herself, and there's my maid, Sylvie, engaged to the coachman. Bridget I've a great mind to become a sub, or catch the small-pox, or break my fingers, or run mad with papers. Would you, Dolly?"

"I'd let it be possible, my dear," said the sage spinster, counting the crimson stitches on the crochet work she had brought out of her white store.

"Four silkes have I had this week," resumed Viva, counting them on the pink tips of her pretty fingers, "and there's not one of them would have looked twice at me if popular report hadn't set me down as an heiress. Oh, Dolly, how much happier I used to be before Cousin Dewbury left me his senseless gift of gold! I don't feel a sympathy for Sylvie, or Bridget with the crushed old miser, and I didn't care two pins whether he lived or died."

"*Ay dear Viva!*"

"Well, you see, I did! I've There's Percival Floyd, with his big eyes, and his languishing manners, and his fashion of looking at me—do you suppose he would have made the sublime offering of his heart and hand to me if I hadn't been a hundred thousand dollars? There was John LeVert, who cares for nothing on earth but his wines and his fast horses. There was Dick Pomeroy, who has spent all his own and squandered the whole of my uncle to bolster himself up with a few of my deeds and mortgages. There is Guy Fernside—"

"Viva?"

"There is Guy Fernel, I say," persisted the young lady, scarcely hear herself uttering with his dreamy philosophies and his Utopian theories of perfect human beings, contemplating from the familiar heights of his solitude, to accept me as a worthy partner for my money-bags, that he may have more leisure to contemplate the goddess of perfection!"

"Viva, I wish you'd not talk so!" cried the old-maid cousin, suddenly giving up her ball of ruffled work, and preparing to be prepared to hear something terrible. "You know I wish you no pain in the world, but I really can't sit quietly by and see you throw away your happiness, and make the greatest mistake of your life-time when you repulsed that man's love!"

Viva was silent a moment, while across her face passed the peculiar impress of some mental feeling—whether of doubt, remorse, or dissatisfaction, Miss Dolly Pennyroyal was perhaps egotistic enough to discern.

"However," said Miss Pennyroyal, "you have no right to suspect that he is a distant connexion of your uncle, and you must think he has been wrongfully neglected by the provisions of your uncle Dewbury's will."

"All the more reason that this sacred, disappointed, high-minded man should never become any nearer relation to me," said Viva, with melancholy gravity. "Cousin Dolly, you needn't run away on account of my heroics against St. Guy; the Cousin's! If you don't think he has been wrongfully neglected by the provisions of your uncle Dewbury's will—"

"I will not touch it!"

"Guy," Viva," he interrupted; "gently, Miss Harper. There is no use in your opening a shock for the will under which you inherit is the latest now in existence?"

"If I had not torn up one still later on the very evening of the day on which you rejected me. I do not repeat the act, Miss Harper."

"But I tell you, Guy Fernyl, I will not keep it; I will give it all back."

"I shall not receive it, Miss Harper."

"Guy."

"Viva."

What was it in her eyes, all sparkling and brimming like shady constellations of light, that brought the sudden glow to his cheek?

"Guy, you will take it!"

"Viva, I shall not take it. It would not satisfy me, unless—"

"Unless what?"

"Unless you give me your sweet self too, Viva. My little treasure, must I woo you a second time in vain?"

No—not in vain! All the best and noblest impulses in the little heroine's spoiled nature were aroused at last; she saw Guy Fernell as he was and loved him all the better for the one cloud slightest blue before. And when, late at night, Viva came to the room where Miss Dolly Penn was rolling her stiff curls in stiffer curl papers, she had a softened up and calm face.

"Sorry upon us child, what's the matter?" exclaimed the old lady, in astonishment. "Guy I'm engaged to Guy Fernell?"

And old Mr. Pendexter rejoiced greatly that "things had settled themselves" so nicely.

ERNEST WESTERFIELD'S CHOICE.

BY MISS LEE.

"And Sarah, what a very sweet face Mrs. Westerfield has. Whenever I see her I think there must be some romantic story connected with her past. Though few have to see her, it is strange that Mr. Westerfield married her."

"So many things seem strange that Ernest Westerfield's choice had fallen on Helena Percy. That he should manifest a great deal of surprise, indignation, contempt and envy, when they learned that he had offered marriage to the handsomest and wealthiest girls of the village of Ivy Grove, and been by their self-possessed, and selected poor deformed Helena."

"Ernest Westerfield was acquainted with her when she was a girl, you would tell me all about it, Sarah, as I am most an interesting subject."

"Since you desire it, I will do so; but I cannot promise you that it will be very interesting. Mrs. Westerfield and I were born and brought up in the same village, and were intimate friends when we were children, and as we grew up our intimacy ripened into friendship. Our parents in her schoolmates were kind and prized her for her amiable disposition, and her many virtues, and at her figure, and make remarks on it which sometimes pained her. She was sensitive to her extremely, sometimes causing her to cry, but she never let them see it. Her deformity was not afraid we would have retaliated if she had not been so much older than we were, and because we were children. Her father died when she was at school she became accustomed to the trouble, was quiet and retiring, and her schoolmates were little affected by them. Ernest Westerfield was the only child of wealthy parents, who gave him with his grandmother, and as some of his cousins were living in the village, he frequently visited his family. Probably Mr. Butler was not a clever man, and he was very proud and vain, and brought his children up well, but could not afford them a liberal education. They were all fine farmers, and care-keepers of the village. Ernest was about fifteen years old when he came to our house; and one day, when I was walking from the garden with Helena, I met him. Helena's looks and talks, indeed on carrying themselves, were very much misunderstood by acquaintances with Ernest. After that he often came to see me, and we became friends. He was only a boy then, and no one attached any importance to his actions. When he was quite fifteen his grandmother died, and for some years he did not come to the village. When he returned I heard that after leaving college he spent two years in Europe, and then studied law in Germany and to study the manners and customs of the countries.

"He was twenty-five years old when he returned, and was considered a fine looking man. He called was coming to spend some time with us. Helena was very much pleased to see him, as a merchant, and on account of his education and manners, which were considered very fine for any one in our little village. His cousins determined to make a conquest of him. He remained a week, and departed, and appeared in his old place in my estimation. I knew that he was conscious of the many glances cast on him, he did not seem to see, but gave his attention entirely to service. He was tall and slight, very quiet and reserved in his manners, and had a peculiar charm on my husband's arm, I thought that, notwithstanding his deformity, Helena had a fine position and education, my own husband was considered handsome, and I was very proud of my learned enough for me. However, reports of the fine appearance and manners of Ernest reached our maidens, and Ernest was a great hero, and his cousins were very proud of him. Several pleasantly old acquaintances as he recognized as he walked the streets, and when he left and been introduced to my husband, he saw the whole village out to bow him off. Helena, brother and sisters. He quickly followed them, her cousins, and received their kind attentions. Then he rejoined his cousins and accompanied them home.

"By this time Helena was seventeen. But for her misfortune she would have been a beautiful girl. However, her deformity prevented her appearing as such. She was a favorite with the girls. I was her most intimate friend, and knew her quick sensibilities. She was also very sensitive to the duties of her home and her parents, and was very much loved by them. She was very much attached to her self-possessed sister, and I often think it strange that all worship should be given to beauty, when the plain and deformed have so much to attract the heart. They have a beautiful home, and I have often envied Helena the love which was lavished upon her. Ernest was a favorite with her husband, who like to see his wife look well, and who was very much pleased with the attentions paid to her by Ernest. He was very much pleased with the attentions paid to her by Ernest. He was very much pleased with the attentions paid to her by Ernest. He

THE NEW YORK LEDGER

ROBERT BONNER, Editor and Proprietor.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, AUGUST 31, 1867.

No Travelling Agents.—We employ no travelling agents. If any party pretends to act as such fo.. us, you can put him down as a swindler.

Rejected Manuscripts.—We will not return rejected manuscripts.

RECOLLECTIONS OF A BUSY LIFE.

By HORACE GREELEY.

No. III.

"THE TIMES THAT TRIED MEN'S SOULS."

The Scotch-Irish founders of *our* Londonderry indignantly eschewed the characterization of "Irish," which was sometimes maliciously, but oftener ignorantly, applied to them; stoutly insisting that, as staunch Protestants and zealous upholders of the Hanoverian succession, they should not be confounded with the savage and intractable Celtic Papists who were indigenous to Ireland. Devoted loyalty was their pride and boast, and was usefully evinced in the "Old French War," which lasted from 1756 to 1763, and effected a transfer of the Canadas from France to Great Britain; yet the British assumption, directly thereafter, of a right to impose taxes on the colonies without their consent, was here early, promptly, zealously, persistently resisted; and the tidings that colonial blood had been shed by British soldiers at Lexington, Mass., on the 19th of April, 1775, operated like an electric shock on this rural, peace-loving community. Ten minutes after receiving it, John Stark—who had served

[COLONEL REED.]

with distinction in the recent French war—stopped the saw-mill in which he was at work, mounted his horse and rode off to Cambridge, leaving directions for his neighbors to muster and follow. The two companies of Londonderry militia were immediately assembled, and, though many had already hastened to the scene of action, a full company—the best blood of the township—volunteered, choosing George Reed their captain. Six days after the Lexington fray, the two thousand New Hampshire men now confronting Gen. Gage were organized by the convention sitting at Exeter into two regiments, with Stark and Reed as their respective colonels. Another regiment from this thinly peopled colony was soon formed under Colonel Poor; but the left wing of our army, stationed near Medford, was composed of the two regiments commanded by Londonderry colonels; and these, under Stark and Reed, were soon deputed to join the Connecticut men under Putnam, and the Massachusetts regiment under Prescott, in throwing up and holding the breastwork on Bunker's or Breed's Hill, in Charlestown, which the British assailed next day with such memorable consequences. Londonderry had 130 men behind those slight defences. In the struggle for this position, the New Hampshire men lost 19 killed and 74 wounded.

The three New Hampshire regiments were detached from Washington's army to swell that which, in 1776, was organized in this State, under General Sullivan, for the conquest of Canada; but which, having invaded that Province by way of the Hudson and Lake Champlain, found itself outnumbered and compelled to retreat to Ticonderoga, losing a third of its number by sickness, privation and exposure. Rejoining Gen. Washington, Stark's regiment was conspicuous in the brilliant affair at Trenton, where it had the advance, and participated in the succeeding actions at Princeton and Springfield, N. J.

In the list of promotions made by Congress next Spring, Stark's name did not appear; whereupon he promptly and indignantly resigned. But, on the alarm of Burgoyne's invasion from Canada, soon afterward, a fresh appeal to the patriotism of the people was made by the General Assembly of New Hampshire; when Londonderry raised another company of 70 men, besides contributing liberally to existing organizations. In fact, there was nearly a levy *en masse* of the able-bodied men of this State and the debatable lands now known as Vermont. Stark was asked to take command of the new militia, and did so; stipulating only that he should not be subordinate to any other commander. Hence he refused to obey Gen. Schuyler's order to advance to and cross the Hudson, giving excellent reasons therefor; but, remaining within the territory his men were called out to protect, he fought and won—(Aug. 16, 1777)—the brilliant battle of Bennington, routing and killing Col. Baum, the Hessian commander, and taking 600 prisoners. His speech to his troops, on the brink of engaging, ran substantially thus: "Boys, you see them Hessians. King George gave £4 7s. 6d. a piece for 'em. I reckon we are worth more, and will prove it directly. If not, Molly Stark sleeps a widow to-night!" There have been more elegant and far longer speeches; but this went as straight to its mark as a bullet.

The danger to his State having thus been averted, Stark hastened to join Gen. Gates on the Hudson, was in the council which fixed the terms of Burgoyne's surrender, and was soon thereafter restored to position in the Continental line—Congress making reparation for its oversight by publicly thanking him for his victory at Bennington, and appointing him a Brigadier-General in the regular service. He remained in the army till the close of the war, and lived forty years thereafter—dying May 8, 1822, in his 94th year.

Col. Reed, though not awarded his rank in the Continental service, also served through the war—taking part in the battles of Long Island, White Plains, Trenton, Saratoga, Stillwater, Brandywine, Germantown, and in Sullivan's Indian expedition. Having at length risen to a Continental colonelcy, he was in command at Albany in 1782, when he was favored with several letters from Washington, of whose military and political character he was evermore a passionate admirer. Having left his family in haste, on the tidings of the first shot, he paid it but two or three hurried visits in midwinter till honorably mustered out of service after the close of the war in the summer of 1783. Meantime his wife, Mary, sister of my grandfather Woodburn, was the ruler of his household, the manager of his farm and business, and the sharer in full measure of his fervid, unwearying patriotism. He lived to fill several public stations, including those of Brigadier-General and Sheriff of his county; dying in 1815, aged 82 years. His wife survived him; dying in 1823, at the ripe age of 88.

Never was a war more essentially popular than that waged in support of American Independence, and never were the issues involved more thoroughly debated or more clearly understood by a people. Congress having, early in 1776, requested the authorities of each township to ascertain and to disarm all persons "who are notoriously disaffected to the cause of America," the selectmen of Londonderry reported the names of 374 adult males in that town who had severally signed the following pledge:

"We, the subscribers, do hereby solemnly engage and promise that we will, to the utmost of our power, at the risk of our lives and fortunes, with arms, oppose the hostile proceedings of the British fleets and armies against the United American Colonies."

Of course, those who had already enlisted and were then absent in the continental service, should be added to the above list, raising it nearly to five hundred, while barely fifteen men in that entire community refused to sign. Several "Tories," however, had already left, finding the place too hot for them: among them, Major Robert Rogers, of the "Rangers," raised in 1756, who had served with distinction throughout the French War, but who now, taking the wrong side, was proscribed, and fled to England, where he died. Col. Stephen Holland, who had been one of the most eminent and popular citizens, and had held several important public trusts, after concealing and denying his Toryism so long as he could, finally proclaimed it by fleeing to Gen. Gage at Boston, whereupon his property was confiscated. Nowhere was Toryism more execrated; and the suggestion in the Treaty of Paris that the Loyalists should be permitted to return to the communities they had, to serve the king, deserted, was unanimously scouted and defied in full town meeting.

Dr. Matthew Thornton, whose name heads the list of signers to the pledge aforesaid, soon afterward affixed his signature to the immortal Declaration of American Independence. He was born in Ireland in 1714, but brought over when but three years old; early commenced the practice of medicine in Londonderry, and steadily rose to esteem and competence. He was a surgeon of the New Hampshire forces in the expedition against Cape Breton, in 1745, and was a colonel of militia at the breaking out of the Revolution. He was President of the first Provincial Convention assembled in New Hampshire after the retirement of the royal Gov. Wentworth, and was chosen by it a delegate to Congress, in which he did not take his seat till November, 1776; when—though it was the darkest hour of the struggle—he at once signed the Declaration. After peace was restored, though no lawyer, he was chosen a judge of the Superior Court, and afterward Chief-Justice of the Common Pleas. He died in 1803, aged 89.

From first to last, Londonderry furnished 347 soldiers to the Revolutionary armies, while her whole number of adult males cannot, as we have seen, have exceeded 500. Some of these served but for short terms; yet, after making every deduction, this record, from a purely rural township whose youth had for forty years been constantly drawn away to pioneer new settlements, not only in different parts of New Hampshire, but in Londonderry and Windham, Vermont, Truro, Nova Scotia, Cherry Valley, N. Y., &c., &c., is one which her children have a right to regard with affectionate pride. And not only were town bounties—liberal, considering the value of money in those days—paid to her volunteers, but their families were shielded from want by the provident care of her authorities and people. Food was scarce and dear; clothing was scarcer and dearer; but those who fought their country's battles were consoled by the thought that, whatever might befall them, their wives and little ones should not famish or freeze while bread or cloth remained. And, when independence and peace were at length achieved, it was a proud reflection that they had been won by the constancy and devotion, not of a class or a portion, but of the entire people.

FLUNKEY AMERICANS ABROAD.

It is computed that fifty thousand Americans are at present "doing Europe," and as our fashionable people are migrating in swarms while they remigrate but slowly, it is not improbable that the number will be swelled to one hundred thousand before mid-winter. "Dear, delightful Paris" is, of course, the principal pleasure-ground of this debonair crowd. The Centre of Fashion, the Paradise of Intrigue, the Circean City where the flower-wreathed chalice of Temptation is proffered to Wealth and Folly at every turn, draws our fast young men into its whirl of disreputable dissipation as surely as a beacon light on the seaboard attracts the gulls and fish-hawks. The German Spas, next to Paris, are the places where Americans most do congregate. Baden-Baden is very dear to them in every sense of the word. There enthusiastic young "Milor Americaines," who travel on their dollars, can "fight the tiger" to their hearts' content, and lose their money in grandiose style to needy Teutonic barons and "hard up" duodecimo princes, who pocket it with infinite *sang-froid*. There, too, those of our lady tourists, who are nothing if not sumptuous, have a fine opportunity to try conclusions with hereditary rank in the matter of fol-de-rols and furbelows. For at Baden-Baden, be it known, the fair ladies of fashion wear skirts and bodices of Valenciennes lace worth $30,000 apiece, and pin the feathers of their "splendiferous" hats with aigrettes of diamonds. Of course, the ladies of our Lords of the Flowing Well, and the fair dames of the lucremongers who have picked up wealth on the war-path, are perfectly at home at Baden-Baden. But, after all, there is nothing like a winter in Paris to freshly-gilded Americans of both sexes. Eugenie is there, and Napoleon. There is a chance of getting, by hook or by crook, into the Tuileries, and being gazetted among the "presented."

This is by no means a great country in the eyes of many of its mushroom grandees. Fortunately, however, the American millions rate their country and its institutions at their true value, and now that both have been saved from ruin at such a tremendous cost, are prouder of them than ever. Let the bogus "sovereigns" circulate among congenial trumpery abroad. We have plenty of the true metal at home that rings full and clear under every test.

THE TWO CATOS.

BY JAMES PARTON.

In the history of Rome we find eleven persons of some note who are called Cato, two of whom were men of very great eminence. The word Cato, however, was only a surname, derived from a Latin word which signifies *wise*, and which, being applied to the founder of the family, was adopted by his descendants for many generations. The first and greatest of the Catos was really named Marcus Partius, and to distinguish him from his descendants, he is sometimes called Cato the First, or the Ancient, sometimes Cato Major, but, most commonly, Cato the Censor, from the title of the office in which he was most distinguished. It is especially necessary not to confound this ancient Cato with his grandson, Cato "the Philosopher," who put an end to his own existence after the death of his commander, Pompey, and who is the hero of Addison's "Tragedy of Cato."

Cato the Censor was born two hundred and thirty-two years before Christ. While confessing that his ancestors were of no rank in the State, he boasts that his grandfather had five horses killed under him in battle, and that his father was also a brave and excellent soldier. Having inherited from his father a farm and some slaves, he labored with them in cultivating his land, and lived so frugally and austerely as to attract the notice and win the respect of his neighbors. When he was seventeen years of age Hannibal was in Italy with his triumphant army, threatening Rome itself, and young Cato joined the forces who, under the prudent command of Fabius, were opposing and tiring out the impetuous Carthaginians. In the army he distinguished himself as much by the severity of his manners as by his valor in battle. He always marched on foot, carried his own arms and was attended but by one servant, laden with provisions. His usual drink was water, and he assisted his servant in the preparation of their food. When he had served his country in the field for five years, and Italy was no longer trodden by a hostile foot, he went back to his farm and engaged once more in the labors of agriculture. He was accustomed to conciliate the disputes of his neighbors, and to plead their causes without reward in the country courts, and was frequently successful, either as an arbiter or as an advocate, in bringing troublesome litigations to a happy conclusion.

Near Cato's farm-house there was the mansion of a powerful young nobleman, named Valerius Flaccus, a man of much benevolence, and a noted patron of obscure genius. This nobleman often heard his servants speak of a farmer in the vicinity who used to go to the little country towns and defend the causes of the poor; who labored upon his farm in a coarse frock in winter, and naked in summer, and who sat down with his slaves and ate the same kind of bread and drank the same wine as they did. Various witty sayings of Cato were also reported to Valerius Flaccus, which further excited his curiosity. And at length he invited Cato to dinner. The acquaintance thus begun ripened into an intimate friendship, and Valerius strongly urged Cato to go to Rome and apply himself to politics. This advice was taken, and Cato went to the capital, and adopted what we should call the profession of a lawyer. He pleaded causes before the public tribunals, in which he won great distinction, and was soon drawn into public life. During the later wars with Hannibal he served as an officer under Fabius, won great distinction in battle, and lived on terms of friendship with the general in command. Being once sent as questor to Scipio, who was organizing a Roman army in Sicily for the invasion of Africa, he dared to rebuke that able and popular general for his extravagance. He said to Scipio:

"It is not the waste of the public money which is the greatest evil, but the consequences of that expense in corrupting the ancient simplicity of the soldiers, who, when they have more money than they need, are sure to spend it in luxury and riot."

Scipio haughtily replied that he had no need of an exact and frugal treasurer in his camp, because his country expected of him an account of services performed, not of money expended.

Upon receiving this reply Cato returned to Rome, and loudly complained to the Senate of Scipio's gayety and profusion.

"He walks about," said Cato, "in his cloak and slippers, and lets his soldiers do as they like. He passes his time in wrestling rings and theatres, as though he had been sent out to exhibit games and shows, not to make war."

Commissioners were dispatched to Scipio's army to inquire into the truth of these charges, but Scipio succeeded in convincing them that he understood his business better than Cato, and sent them home satisfied with his conduct.

Before he was forty years of age Cato was elected to the consulship, the highest office in the State, and his associate consul was that very Valerius Flaccus who had recommended him to try his fortune at the capital. As consul he commanded Roman armies, added conquests to the empire, and, returning from a successful campaign in Spain, was rewarded with a triumph. Twelve years later we find him in the office of Censor, and again associated with Valerius Flaccus. In this office he waged ceaseless war upon the luxury of the rich by imposing heavy taxes upon costly apparel, carriages, ornaments and utensils. He cut off the supply of water from those who had fountains and ponds in their gardens, and in every way flattered the poor by making himself odious to the rich. Instead, however, of relating the actions of Cato, it will be more interesting to give some specimens of his sayings.

When the Romans were clamoring at a time of scarcity for a distribution of corn at the public expense, he began a speech in opposition to it thus: "It is hard, fellow-citizens, to address the stomach, because it has no ears."

Rebuking the Romans for their luxury, he said: "It is difficult to save a city from ruin where a fish brings a higher price than an ox."

Pointing to a man who had squandered an estate near the sea, he pretended to admire him, saying: "What the sea could not swallow without great difficulty, this man has gulped down with perfect ease."

Being rebuked for not visiting a king who was visiting Rome, he said: "I look upon a king as a creature that feeds upon human flesh, and of all the kings that have been so much cried up, I find none to be compared with Epaminondas, Pericles, or Themistocles."

The following is one of his most famous sayings: "Wise men learn more from fools than fools learn from wise men; for the wise avoid the errors of fools, but fools do not profit by the example of the wise."

"I do not like," he said once, "a soldier who moves his hands when he marches and his feet when he fights, and who snores louder in bed than he shouts in battle."

His friendship being sought by an epicure, he replied: "No; I cannot live with a man whose palate is more sensitive than his heart."

He said once that in the whole of his life he had never repented but of three things: "first, trusting a woman with a secret; second, going by sea when he might have gone by land; third, passing a day without having his will in his possession."

To a debauched old man he said: "Old age has deformities enough of its own; do not add to it the deformity of vice."

One of his sayings has exposed him to just censure; one of the fragments of his writing that remains is the following: "A master of a family should sell off his old oxen, and all his cattle that are of a delicate frame, all his sheep that are not hardy; he should sell his old wagons, and his old implements; *he should sell such of his slaves as are old and infirm*, and everything else that is old and useless." Alluding to this passage, the amiable Plutarch becomes properly indignant, and says: "For my own part, I would not sell even an old ox that had labored for me; much less would I remove, for the sake of a little money, *a man* grown old in my service from his usual place and diet; for to him, poor man! it would be as bad as banishment, since he could be of no more use to the buyer than he was to the seller."

The truth about Cato appears to be that he was more vain of his virtue than virtuous. He was a most extravagant and shameless boaster, and had more talent to utter fine sayings than to perform actions truly praiseworthy. He tells us himself that the Senate, in difficult and dangerous times, used to cast their eyes upon him as passengers do upon the pilot in a storm. And he once spoke of some blunderers in this way: "They are excusable; they are not Catos."

In his old age he became exceedingly avaricious, and gained a large fortune by methods which were legal, but not very honorable. He even uttered this sentiment: "That man, truly wonderful and godlike, and fit to be registered in the lists of glory, is he by whose account books it shall appear, after his death, that he had more than doubled what he had received from his ancestors."

He retained his bodily strength to a very great age. When he was past eighty years, he called one morning upon a man who had formerly been his secretary, and asked him whether he had yet provided a husband for his daughter.

"I have not," was the reply, "nor shall I without consulting my best friend."

"Why, then," said Cato, "I have found out a very fit husband for her, if she can put up with an old man who in other respects is a very good match for her."

"I leave the disposal of her," said the father, "entirely to you. She is under your protection, and depends wholly upon your bounty."

"Then," said Cato, "I will be your son-in-law."

The astonished parent gave his consent, and Cato announced his intention to his son, who was himself a married man.

"Why, what have I done," said the son, "that I should have a mother-in-law put upon me?"

"I am only desirous," replied Cato, "of having more such sons as you, and leaving more such citizens to my country."

By this wife, who was little more than a girl, he actually had a son who himself became consul of Rome, and was the father of the other famous Cato, the enemy of Cæsar.

It was Cato who urged the Romans never to cease warring upon Carthage until it was totally destroyed. For many years, it is said, he never spoke in the senate on any subject whatever without concluding his speech thus:

"And my opinion is that Carthage should be destroyed."

The leader of the opposite party in the senate concluded every speech by saying:

"And my opinion is that Carthage should be left standing."

Cato, it appears, had an ill-favored countenance; so, at least, his enemies said, one of whom wrote upon him the following epigram:

"With eyes so gray and hair so red,
With tusks so sharp and keen,
Thou'lt fright the shades when thou art dead,
And hell won't let thee in."

Cato, called the Philosopher, who is sometimes styled Cato of Utica, because it was at Utica that he killed himself, was born ninety-five years before Christ, and showed in his youth the austerity of character which had distinguished his illustrious ancestor. Like all Romans of rank, he served in the army, and won considerable renown in suppressing the insurrection of the slaves which was excited and led by the gladiator Spartacus.

Like the ancient Cato, he disdained the luxuries usually enjoyed by officers of rank. He refused the rewards for his valor offered him by his commander, and appeared upon the march in a dress which differed little from that of a private. When the liberties of Rome were threatened by Cæsar, he took service under Pompey; and after his general was slain, and Cæsar was master of Rome, he thought it unbecoming a Roman citizen to continue to live. He carried out his suicidal intention with singular calmness and resolution. After supping cheerfully with several of his friends, he went into his room, where he embraced his son with such unusual tenderness as to awaken the suspicion that he intended to terminate his life. He lay down upon his bed and read for a while Plato's Dialogue upon the Immortality of the Soul. When he had finished reading he looked round and observed that his sword had been taken away. He called for it; and when his son and friends rushed into the room in tears, Cato cried out:

"How long is it since I have lost my senses, and my son is become my keeper? Brave and generous son, why do you not bind your father's hands, that when Cæsar comes he may find me unable to defend myself? Do you imagine that without a sword I cannot end my life? Can not I destroy myself by holding my breath for some moments, or by striking my head against the wall?"

His son made no reply, but retired weeping, and the sword was at length sent into him by a slave.

"Now," said Cato, as he drew it, "I am my own master."

When he found himself alone he again took up his book, and when he had once more read the dialogue, he lay down and slept. Toward the dawn of day he took his sword and pressed the point into his body a little below the chest, inflicting an extensive, but, as it appeared, not fatal wound. As he fell he overturned a table, the noise of which gave the alarm. He was found insensible, weltering in his blood, with his bowels protruding from the wound.

While the surgeon was replacing the uncut bowels, Cato recovered his consciousness, thrust the surgeon from him, tore out his bowels with his hands, and immediately expired. Thus perished Cato, miscalled the Philosopher, in the forty-eighth year of his age.

SHODDY OSTENTATION.

If, on some magnificent afternoon, one stands, for an hour or so, on the Grand Terrace in Central Park, and watches the moving pageant on the drive, the twinkling of varnished wheels, the flash of vari-colored pannels is almost blinding. Within a brief period, scores of "first-class" equipages will roll by, most of them driven by coachmen in livery, and many of them decorated with coats of arms. There will be ladies in nearly all the carriages, and the hues of their apparel, as a general rule, will be so glowing that the spectacle could scarcely be more prismatic if one should view it through a triangular bar of glass. In spite of the change which the sudden acquisition of riches makes in the outward appearance of vain people, it will not be difficult to recognize in some of the splendidly-tailored gentlemen who accompany the gorgeously-bedight ladies in the vehicular procession, individuals who, five years ago, plodded a-foot, in all weathers, and barely made both ends meet at the end of the twelvemonth. These are our shoddy patricians, gilded by the fortune of war. How much privation and suffering, how many casualties and failures, by sea and land, these gaudy trappings represent, it were idle to compute. Suffice it to say, that no honest spectator of the show, at all conversant with its basis, could feel much respect for a good many of the pretentious magnificos who figure in it. Here and there, in the ostentatious cavalcade, may be seen the plainer equipages of some of our prominent merchants and real "solid men," whose names are the synonyms of integrity and honor; but they are generally few and far between, and are entirely thrown into the shade by the "loud" splendor of our "fine new" aristocracy. All credit to those who acquire wealth by well-directed energy and enterprise. They are not proper subjects for satirical criticism; but plundermongers, who have blackmailed the government of their country, and now thrust into our very faces the evidences of their peculations, deserve the open scorn of all true men.

A GRAVE MISTAKE.

Some people think that a good deal of fun can be extracted from the tombstones in country grave yards. False rhyme or bad grammar in an epitaph is considered by such persons a capital joke. It strikes us, however, that turning the expression of honest grief—however rude that expression may be—into ridicule, is a heartless business. We saw the other day a thick book, filled with quaint and illiterate tributes to the memory of the dead, copied from slabs and monuments in American burial grounds. Each inscription was followed by a jest, intended to show the wit of the collector. The volume was handed round for inspection at a social gathering, and the company were expected to make merry over its contents. They did not amuse us in the slightest degree. We should as soon have thought of laughing at a collection of skeletons. A large proportion of the epitaphs were certainly but poor specimens of English composition. In many of them the orthography was wrong and the syntax unfortunate; but nine-tenths of them, no doubt, were the real, though uncouth outpourings of afflicted hearts, and as such should have been respected. The mirth they provoked was much more vulgar than anything which the grave-yard satirist had jotted down on his pages. The occupation of "Old Mortality," who reverently scraped the moss and mildew from "texts" that "teach the rustic moralist to die," was a much more creditable one than that of making a jest of death and sorrow. To right-minded people, there is something much more touching in such "rude memorials" than in "storied urn or animated bust."

BRIDES FOR THE FAR WEST.

Let the unwedded adventurers who have pitched their tents in Washington Territory rejoice. A thousand young ladies, "chiefly between the ages of 16 and 20," will be *en route* from New York to that comparatively ladyless land long before the *Ledger* of to-day has journeyed thither. A steamer is to bear the precious cargo to its destination by way of the Straits of Magellan and all along shore. Plenty of employment at remunerative wages is promised to the fair emigrants, and we earnestly hope that the rose-colored picture of their future drawn by the parties who have organized the scheme will be realized. That the enterprising voyagers will be able to dictate their own terms to the Washingtonians there can be little doubt. There are not women enough in the territory to keep the collars and wristbands of the forlorn male creatures in a buttonable condition. In all probability every young lady of the crowd will have half-a-dozen admirers at her feet. "Here's my heart and here's my hand," will be the cry of the wifeless pioneer, and it will be well if the competition does not lead to deadly feuds between enamored rivals.

Propitious gales to the Pacific-bound steamer! Good fortune to her pretty passengers! Should their expectations be realized, more shiploads will follow. The sex is not pitiless. The damsels of the "Atlantic slope" will not permit the western frontiersmen to degenerate into savages for lack of woman's refining, elevating and comforting ministrations.

MINOR MANIAS AND MANIACS.

We have each of us our pet insanity. There's your irrepressible angler, for example, who will sit all day in the blazing sun watching a bobbing cork, for no better reward than a few meagre fish that he himself would turn up his nose at if he saw them in Washington market. Is he rational? The collector of old pictures, who values a cracked, dirty, smoke-dried, unintelligible mass of faded pigments, which was good for little when new, and has become absolute rubbish by the action of time and the hard usage it has richly deserved,—is he *compos mentis?* The worshipper of old books, who values them for their dates, not their contents, what is he? The lexicon gives him his right title—a biblio-maniac. The healthy self-deceiver who insists on being a valetudinarian, tries every system of medical treatment in turn, and would inevitably poison himself but for the vigor which he swears he lacks—what shall we say of him? Verily, he is mad enough for a strait jacket. As mad as he, is the crotchetty politician who fancies that there is but one way to prevent the nation from going to destruction, and that he has the patent for it. Madder still is the social philosopher who proposes to knock into chaos the moral and religious systems under which the civilized world has prospered, and to reconstruct society after a new plan which, whenever it has been tried on a small scale, has failed utterly and scandalously.

Happy are they whose minor insanities are pleasant to themselves and harmless to their neighbors.

FLUNKEYISM IN PRINT.

The *personal* system of reporting balls and parties which was introduced into this country some thirty-five years ago, but which we hoped had died out in obedience to the edict of an improved public taste, has recently been revived in all its glory. Whole columns are devoted to the most fulsome puffs of ladies and gentlemen with skeletons of names filled in with dashes and stars. The ladies' dresses are particularized from waterfall to satin slipper with a freedom that deserves a horsewhip, and marriage engagements, real or fictitious, are blurted out in type with a boldness that seems as if it must be the result of *express permission* if not of *pecuniary persuasion*.

"'Tis pleasant sure to see one's name in print;
A name's a name although there's nothing in't,"

except the beginning and the end, with a few "* * * *" between. Can it be that our "fashionable people" like this sort of thing. Let us hope not; though certainly their acquiescence, if nothing more, is to be inferred.

The custom is so utterly snobbish and un-American that it ought to be lampooned out of existence. Among flying follies there is no fairer game. Reportorial flunkeys who make it their

———"duty
To kiss the shadow of your shoe tie,"

should be ruled out of good society.

A Man Attacking his own Mother.—Mr. Van Anden, publisher and proprietor of the Brooklyn *Eagle*, in his abuse of sewing girls as a class, seems to forget the reflection that he makes upon his own mother. Because a man succeeds in making a little money, shall he disparage the mother who gave him birth and the numerous and respectable class to which she belonged?

OVER THE FERRY.

BY SR. CHARLES D. GIBBETTE.

Over the ferry that spans the bay,
Linking the shores with a wondrous link;
In the clear, fresh morn, and the twilight gray,
Hither and thither I ride—and think.

Thousands on thousands, day by day,
Are crossing the ferry, as well as I;
Wherefore? This in my soul I say,
Scanning the faces as the ferries cry.

Thousands on thousands hurrying past,
Each pricked on by a strange, wild thirst
For a something unattained at last;
Struggling, each, to be still the first.

Youth, with the peach-bloom on its cheek;
Manhood's keen, and its nature apt;
Swart with the tan of toil, or sleek
As a pampered lover in a dainty cage;

A tender stranger as an artist's dream,
Over the ferry he came and o'er,
Winter and summer alike, 'twould seem;
But the face changed as the summers flew.

Some full out of the jostling tide,
Struggle and cry, by fold and town;
Some with a curse are flung aside,
And sullen rise and are trodden down!

Some, but few how they are, alas!
Struggle and strive to the farthest goal!
For what? There's a ferry still to pass,
Where the fare is the price of a human soul!

WINNING HER WAY.

By MRS. SOUTHWORTH,

AUTHOR OF "—BENTALENT, THE RANGER," "FELICIA," "THE HIDDEN HAND," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER LXXV.

A SHOCK.

What is life? "To die the same,
And after death nor pain nor blame,
Nursing neither ill nor good,
Alone on its tranquil breast,
Saint and sinner mixed in rest."
So observed Sir Nature's lord,
And the shattered parsnip bed
Leaves a wreck to point the moral.
ANONYMOUS.

"I think cloud, that rising over yonder—we shall have very weather to-night," said the master of the "Flying Foam," coming to the side of Dick Hazenbush the latter stood leaning over the bulwarks of the yacht and looking out upon the receding town and shores of St. Ambleb.

Dick raised his eyes to a long black line just visible above the heights of Solemont, and then said:

"Yes: I think it looks threatening; but the 'Flying Foam' is a weather built craft, I suppose?"

"Bless you, yes, sir! I've seen her ride safely over seas that would have swamped a ship of the line." whereat the master of the craft went to see to the safety of the yacht.

And dirty weather it was, though not "a dirty" as to endanger the safety of the yacht.

The cloud soon spread over the heavens, a whole face of the heavens as with a black pall; its strange and terrible contrast to the surface of the sea, now lashed into a white foam. A driving storm of wind and rain came on.

Dick, who much preferred the comfortable to the sublime, left the deck and went below to smoke and read by the light of the cabin lamp. But, after one or two attempts, he found the reading process quite impracticable by the motion of the vessel, and so he gave it up.

After a while, he was joined by the master, who had left the deck in charge of his mate.

He has turned into a settled rain that will last all night," said Captain Wallace, as he took the chair Dick pushed towards him for Dick, as one of the genial fellows that the gulf seems to be of the cabin.

"Disagreeable, but not dangerous," was Dick's cool comment, as he pushed his case of cigars towards the captain.

"Thank you, sir; but, if you don't mind, I'll take my pipe," said Captain Wallace; who soon comprehended that he might take liberties with this good-humored young man who was not too ready to ratatiate with the first companion fortune fancies to throw in his path.

And there the two men sat and smoked through the long hours of the dismal night.

At midnight, they turned in.

Dick slept long and well. It was late in the morning when he awoke. Judging from his previous experience, he thought the night's rain must be in part or more. He dressed himself and went on deck. But no, the clouds were still all over. Above, sharp was the sailing, and dark clouds closed in the horizon. The dismal night had been followed by a dismal day, and the worst of it was, that he could not sleep through the day as he had slept through the night.

"Good morning to you, sir! a dark day," said the master, coming up to his side.

"Yes. Are we near port?"

"Within twenty miles."

"How fast are we going?"

"How slow, you mean? The wind is against us—we are not making more than four knots an hour."

At that rate, we shall not make Southampton in less than five hours. Let me see," said Dick, consulting his watch, "it is now ten o'clock. We shall not, at this rate, get in before three."

"No, sir; but you'll have some breakfast now?"

"Thanks; yes! it will help to pass the time at least."

The master beckoned a boy, and sent a message to the steward.

And, in half an hour afterward the appetizing breakfast of the yacht was served; and Dick did his usual justice to it.

Afterwards he killed the time as well as he could by reading a little, talking a little, and smoking a little.

Affairs also turned out rather better than he had expected. At noon the wind changed, the sky cleared, and the yacht sped on the "Flying Foam," with all her sails set, skimmed over the waters like a sea-bird, at the rate of eleven knots per hour.

At one o'clock she dropped anchor at Southampton.

Dick settled his test scores with the master,—who was master of his own vessel, and could then be inquired:

"Do you know any thing about the up train, captain?"

"There is an express starts at a quarter before two, and there is not another train until five," answered the captain.

"I'll take that train," exclaimed Dick.

And he made all his own little arrangements, and he hurried the men that were getting out the boat to take him ashore.

As soon as he stepped on shore, he run and called a cab, jumped into it, and was driven over its hasty order, was driven rapidly to the station. He was just in time to secure his ticket, spring into a half-empty carriage—and, not a moment to spare before the express started.

It was not until the train was in motion and his own hurry was over, that he recollected one or two things that might have been attended to had he chosen to wait a few minutes. First and nearest, he might have taken his change from the cabman, whose fare was half a crown, and to whom he had thrown half a sovereign.

But Dick did not the least regret that neglect. And then he might have called at the letter-

national to see if any letters had been left for him. But neither, upon reflection, did Dick regret this neglect. He considered it was not probable any letters were awaiting there; or, if there were, then they should be of much importance; or, even if so, whether he were not doing the very thing this should be done under such circumstances of circumstance, namely, hurrying back to London by the express train. So, upon the whole, Dick was glad he forgot to lose time until since, and was now speeding at the earliest possible moment before Solemont.

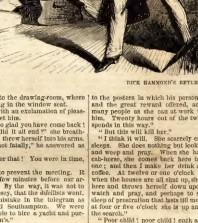
The train flew on with its usual lightning rate of speed, and at five o'clock reached its station in London.

Although Dick had had been mistaken, he gave up the quest, and took a cab for Trafalgar Square.

Afterwards he recollected, at a dream or a vision, the momentary flitting through the crowd of a tragic woman with a child in her arms.

But at the instant of seeing these, he had not observed them. Then he was on his way with the voice he had heard. With something of that vague anxiety we all feel in returning home, even after a short absence, Richard Hammond hurried to Trafalgar Square.

As soon as he reached the Morley House, he sprang from the cab, issued a strong order to the cabman, and without waiting for the change, run into the house and up to his apartments.


DICK HAMMOND'S RETURN.

He went straight to the drawing-room, where he found Anna sitting in the window seat.

She looked pale, and with an expression of pleasure started up to meet him.

"Oh, Dick, I am so glad you have come back! What news? How did it all end?" she breathlessly inquired as she met her brother at the door.

"In two words—not fatally," he answered as he embraced her.

"Thank Heaven for that! You were in time, then?"

"No, not in time to prevent the meeting. It had taken place before the minute before or the great at St. Aubin's. By the way, it was not to Ashton's credit that Lord Ashton's son challenged me. We found out the mistake in the telegram as soon as we reached the ground. But it was fortunate in being able to bring a packs not permit them to St. Aubin's."

"But you did not fight them in time to prevent the duel?"

"No, it had already taken place, as I told you."

"But with what result—with what result? Oh, Dick, why can't you speak and tell me?"

"My dear, I did try you,—with no fatal result."

"But with a serious one. Oh, Dick, what was it? Has poor Alick got himself into trouble by —shooting that accident stricken?"

"No, nonsense! Have more respect for a person than to call him an accident. I'm down jump about when he is angered. He was not hurt—but was not dangerous. Alick was too much excited to aim steadily, I suppose, so his ball went—wherever Heaven knows. But—"

"But Alick himself,—was he wounded?"

"Alick was unscathed in the shoot by a ball and in the back of the head by a sharp stone upon which he had fallen. Slight bruises, neither of the wounds is considered dangerous. I left him in good hands, and came back home."

"But my grandfather—where is he? Why doesn't he come with you? Has he remained there for you?"

"No, he remained in St. Aubin's to look after Alick."

"Oh, Dick, he remained there! Then, he never received our telegram? Anna, torn—"

"Our telegram? No! What telegram? We received no telegram. What telegram, pray?"

"Why, Dick, I thought you knew; cried Anna, dropping into a seat and covering her face.

"In the name of Heaven what has happened? You are well. But where is Dorothy? Where is little Lenny? I don't see either of them?"

"Oh Dick! Dick! Dick! Dick!—Lenny—" implied Anna, uncovering the last word with a gasp, and sobbing heartedly.

"Lost! Good Heaven, Anna, little Lenny lost!" repeated Dick, changing color.

"Yes, yes, yes! lost since day before yesterday afternoon—and since the very day you left. We telegraphed to you the same day. We hoped you would receive the telegram in London on your arrival at Southampton; and I was know him! you would receive it in time to prevent the least you would get it on your return. Oh, Dick—"

"Lost since the day before yesterday, and not found?" gasped Richard Hammond, with consternation and sorrow.

"No, no, no, Dick. We have not seen him since—since you yourself saw him last. Oh, Dick, the terrible responsibility that rests on you and grandpa sent him to take, to get him and you out of the way, you know, of temptation."

"It would kill my uncle!" exclaimed Richard. "It would kill him! Anna told the story of little Lenny's abduction, as far as it was known to herself, and also described the measures that had been taken for his recovery, but taken, so far, without success.

"But his poor young mother—how does she bear it? Is she ill? Is she dying? Where is she? Let me see her!"

"She is not ill, Dick; but I do fear for her life, or her reason, in this horrible suspense and anxiety. Dick, Dick! and you said he was not fatally, or even dangerously wounded?" cried Anna, suddenly.

"And I gave the opinion of the coolest surgeons who is in attendance upon him. A man may be so ill as to be incapable of attending to any thing, and yet may not be in any danger at all. But tell me, Anna, have you taken the detectives into your confidence entirely upon this subject, and put them into possession of all the facts of the case and all your suspicions as well? You know you ought to have done so."

"And we have done it! For a short time, Dorothy shrank terribly from breathing a suspicion that her husband was probably concerned in the taking off of her child; but, when it became evident that little Lenny's recovery depended upon the detectives having a full knowledge of all the circumstances attending it, she conquered her feelings as much as she could necessary, but entreated me to agree all with them. I did it for her expense. So I told the detectives every thing—every thing! They know as much about it as you do; for, in Dorothy's and little Lenny's cause, I would not have kept back from them any fact which might aid his character."

"And did these skillful and experienced officers share in your suspicions of the father's complicity in the abduction?"

"So, strangely enough, they did not. These have been a noble respect for a lord—Ashton have the mark! They think Lord Killderkinson has been made the victim of so much an underhanded sort, where he might have taken the boy with the high hand of the law."

"Enough! Did they suggest any thing themselves? Having told you what didn't become of the boy, did they suggest what did?"

"Yes, they really did! they suspected—just imagine it!—that the child had been stolen for the sake of his clothes, just as a dog is sometimes stolen for the sake of his collar!"

"Ah, Anna, I pin my faith on the experienced officers. I am inclined now fully to endorse their advice and be guided by the detectives. Now I begin to see light—now I understand what occurred to me at the railway station!" cried Dick, excitedly.

"What occurred to you at the railroad station, Dick? Oh, Dick! what was that? Anything that concerned little Lenny?" eagerly inquired Anna.

"I should think it did concern little Lenny. Anna, you know I reached home early this afternoon and stopped out upon the platform. I was inclined to run indoors for a cab, I heard little Lenny's voice calling me?"

"No, Dick! You didn't?"

"As I live I did! He called me as he was accustomed to call me, 'Dick! Dick! Dick! Dick, here?'"

"But why didn't you answer him? Why didn't you go after him and reserve him and bring him home?—bring him to—to—to Dorothy? you have only been playing ignorance to tease me, Dick, don't do it! If you have got little Lenny, tell me so!" said Anna, earnestly, and with tears in her eyes.

"Anna, my poor wife, I call for your sake and his unhappy mother's, that I have not got little Lenny. I have not. Listen to me—"

"But why haven't you got him here? If you heard his dear little tongue calling you, Dick, why in the world didn't you fly to him and seize him and bring him home to his almost distracted mother? Why didn't you, Dick?" demanded Anna, ready to cry with vexation and reproach.

"My darling Anna, listen to me, will you? In the first place, not having received your telegram, I had no suspicion whatever that Lenny was the victim of concealed abduction; and the cab close to find him, and should have followed the voice until I should have got possession of him. But when I first heard him calling, I was, naturally, electrified, confounded, I mean, I looked around, fully expecting to see Lenny, however, the boy and his nurse all come out in force to meet me at the station. But when I did not see him, and when I found that I considered myself the victim of an auricular illusion—"

"But you do not now?"

"No, I do not. I feel sure it was Lenny whom I heard calling me. And since you have told me of the abduction and of the detective policeman's theory of it, I recall to mind the figure of a tragic woman looking wrong with a child in her arms hurrying out of sight in among the crowd. I remember that the woman's back was towards me and that a shawl was thrown over the child's head. I think it was a strong, coarse shawl, as they slipped into the crowd."

"Oh, Dick! Dick! if you had but known! What a fatality!"

"It was fatality. But now I must go and give this information into Scotland Yard, that the detectives may have the benefit of it, and may be set in the neighborhood of the railway station where I saw the woman."

"Shall I tell Dorothy?"

"Well, let me see—No, not just yet. I must think about it first. It might increase her anxiety.

"But it would assure her that her child is alive and well and in the city."

"Yes; that is true. Yet you better not tell her until my return. She would be consumed with anxiety to see the one who had really seen and heard Lenny and to hear from him all about it. Don't you understand?"

"Of course; but don't be gone long, Dick dearly back as that as you can, and perhaps you may get here as soon as she does."

"I will lose no time."

"But you are just off a journey. Won't you take something before you go?"

"No, Anna; I will wait until I get back," answered Richard Hammond, as he passed out of the room.

Leaving Anna pacing the floor in great excitement and impatience, he went down to the street, where himself into a hansom and drove immediately to Scotland Yard.

There he made his report and offered from his own means an additional reward to accelerate the movements of the officers.

He hurried back to the Morley House and up to the drawing-room, where he found Anna still alone and still pacing the floor.

She turned suddenly around to meet him.

"I have started them on the new scent, dear," he said, as he entered hastily into a chair.

"And you are here, as I hoped, before Dorothia has returned; so she will not have to wait for her news."

As Anna spoke there was the sound of a cab drawing up before the house, a few seconds after Dorothia entered the room. Her face was deadly white and her eyes had that wild, wide open, sleepless look seldom seen except in the insane, and yet, possibly, in the sane, in agony of mind, war far as possible from insanity. All her actions were marked by feverish, restless excitement.

Dick arose, and his countenance and gestures were full of sympathy as he held out his hands and went to meet her.

"Oh, Dick! Dick! you have heard of my great loss!" she said, laying her hands in his.

"Yes, my dear Dorothia," he answered, as a voice, shaking with the big pity that rose from his heart, as he looked upon her great misery.

"Oh, my Lenny! my Lenny! Oh, my poor little two-year old baby!" she cried, breaking into sobs and loitering on her feet.

Dick caught her and tenderly placed her in a chair and stooped before her and her hands again, saying:

"Dear Dorothia, your little Lenny will be found, he will indeed, my dear."

"Oh, I hope so! I believe so!—but the suspense is the most awful anguish in life! Oh, Dick, you know it! And I am the cause, where by my heedless folly! In whose hands? suffering what!"

Her talk as she said this was so full of unbearable sorrow that Dick could restrain himself no longer.

"Dear Dross, dear Dross," he said, holding her hands, "it is not your child, wherefore it is not suffering; is it will and cheerful. I know it."

Dorothia looked suddenly at a clock that hung over her face, for she had sprung to a too natural complexity.

"Oh, Dick, you have found him! You have found him! Oh, tell me so at once! Oh, don't try to break such news to me as that is! Dick, you would not dare to trifle with me! And now you see I know you have found my child! Dick, Dick, you have found my child, and he! Is my room?"

Dick had spoken rapidly and breathlessly, and now she started up to hurry to her chamber, exclaiming to Dick as she went:

Dick gently stopped her.

"Dorothia, you have not got your child. I wish I had," he began, with his hand on her arm.

The look of joy vanished from her face. It had been but a lightning flash across the night of her sorrow, and now it had passed and left deeper darkness.

"Oh, Dick!" she groaned, covering her face with her hands and rocking again into her seat.

"But, Dorothia, dear, I have a clue to him! I well, and I know that he is not in the power of any one who would harm him."

"Oh, Dick, is this so? Oh, Dick, I know you would not deceive me, nor give me false comfort, would you now, Dick?" she pleaded.

"Heaven knows I would not, dear. Your child was alive and well at five o'clock this afternoon—only two hours ago, for I is now quite seven. And though you can not now find him yourself, though you can not now find him, you may feel sure that he will be found."

"Dick, you have not seen him ago! You are sure, Dick?"

"I saw or I am of my own life."

"Where was he, then? Who saw him? Who told you?"

"He was at the railway station in the arms of a tragic woman, who fled with him in her arms."

"Oh, Dick, why did you not bring him to me at once?"

"Dear Dorothia, I did not then know that he was there. I was just stepping from the carriage to the platform, when I heard little Lenny's voice calling me. He is strong, commanding, native little tone, 'Dit! Dit! tome here!' And I looked around, expecting to see him, and for you to come to meet me. But I saw nothing of any of you. I only saw a poor woman with a child about Lenny's age and she covered with a shawl, and I saw that the woman was a stranger to me, and she was hurrying away through the crowd. The sound was little enough to notice. I did not know it or even suspect it at the time; but I now believe that it was the voice of my little Lenny elsewhere, expecting to find him with you and me. Oh, Dorothia, I had been in the habit of the subject of so much illusion. But when I came to myself and realized what little Lenny was lost, I started after the whole thing. And I went immediately to Scotland Yard and gave an account of it to the detectives on the fresh scent. They are as much interested in finding your child as you can be sure to find your child. So your need not be afraid to see him brought back to you safe and your lap at any moment."

Dorothia looked more full of joy passed over her face at this announcement.

"Oh, God, I thank you, you give me new life! You saw my child two hours ago! Did you see him? Did you speak to him?"

"Of course not, else I should have clinged him and brought him home. He was over-ridden with a shawl, I tell you, and hurried through the crowd by a woman who was a total stranger to the world."

"And you heard his voice, and you knew that?"

"Yes, yes, I knew his voice; but I did not at the moment know where the voice came from."

"Richard, you let me nothing and wasting you to relieve him?"

"Nothing on the contrary! he hailed me to his loud hearty manner; and commanded me to follow him, just as he so accustomed to speak to all of us, his slaves, when he is looking for us and we hesitate a thousand years in the neighborhood of the railway station where I saw him."

"Oh, Dick! Dick! you have found my child! Dick, Dick, Dick, Dick!—No, not just yet. I must think about it first. It might increase her anxiety.

"But it would assure her that her child is alive and well and in the city."

"Yes; that is true. Yet you better not tell her until my return. She would be consumed with anxiety to see the one who had really seen and heard Lenny and to hear from him all about it. Don't you understand?"

"Of course; but don't be gone long, Dick

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the crowd, so that you may not die of joy when it comes."

And certainly he believed himself justified in giving this advice.

"Dick! dear Dick! you have brought the first crumb of earthly comfort that has come to me since I lost my little Lenny," said Drusilla, gratefully. "But where is uncle?" she asked suddenly recollecting the general.

"He is breakfast, by some business."

"He is quite well?"

"Very well," answered Dick, cheerfully.

"And now I hope you will be willing to stay at home and rest just one evening, dear Drusilla," added Anna.

"Oh, don't ask me to do that, dear Anna! How could I stay home in inactivity, especially now that I know where to look for him? No, I will drive down to that neighborhood in which he was seen, and I will search up that child," answered Drusilla, firmly and very cheerfully, for hope had come into her heart again.

"And Anna and myself will go with you, my dear Drusa, for we have nothing to do but to devote ourselves to your service until your child shall be found," said Dick, affectionately.

"Then I will order tea at once, and some substantial along with it," said Anna, rising.

Impelled by the new hope brought to her by Dick, Drusilla's spirits rose.

They all sat down to breakfast upon the table, with the exception of Drusilla, who, pressed by Anna, consented to join the party and even to partake of the refreshment.

Afterwards, accompanied by her two friends, she got into a cab and drove to the railway station where Dick had seen little Lenny in the arms of the strange woman.

There they drew up and down the streets and roads and in and among the lanes and alleys, and inquired at many shops and houses for such a woman and child, but they neither found nor heard of one or the other.

To be sure, there were many poor beggar women, and many little two-year old children; but they did not answer to the description of little Lenny and his strange bearer.

They then visited the neighborhood of the detective policemen, in the same neighborhood, but the same result. The detectives had had but little better success than their employers; but they, too, would not give up the search on any accounting.

They had given sympathy and encouragement, and had received much; money and promises of her carriage dust with expectations full of confidence.

"We shall be sure to find the little gentleman now, my lady. Now when we know where to look for him. It is a wonderful certainty, you know. Why, lord love you, sir, there isn't a woman in the neighborhood as has anything to do the child that isn't as interested in the search as we are, and that out of downright kindness, motherly feeling too, to say nothing of the hope of getting the reward. Never you fret your pretty heart, and don't you be taken by surprise any time to see we walk in and get your little boy in your arms. And if I might be so bold, ma'am, I would recommend you to proceed home at once, and go to her rest and leave us to follow up the clue, and just have faith till I bring the young gentleman home," said the detective, who he had said to the door, and who helped him the three occupants of the carriage.

"That is all we can do being here" said Dick, "to wait patiently; or, if she can't do that, to wait hopefully; but child is to be found sooner or later and on her lap."

"And now, it is so late, and you have been to much rest, Drusilla, dear, that I really think you must better go back and be denied to all who cannot steer," said Anna, anxious for her friend.

"Nobody can see me, dear Anna, to me and so interested in my child's recovery, but I can. It is useless to ask me to go home. So I will put myself upon the letter at once for this evening," said Drusilla, gayly, and she cheery earnestly.

"That is right, that is right, my dear," said Dick.

And, in fact, only take this truth with you to comfort you—that we will never give up the search until we find the child. We will never give it up by night or by day till we find him. Only some of us must go home and get a bit of rest or nap of sleep, the others will be perching of the search till we find him. And when we have found him, my lady, be it midnight, or noonday, or any other hour of the twenty-four, we will bring him to you," said the cheery, earnestly.

"Oh, do, do! and you shall have half my fortune for your pains—the whole of it, if you like, and any eternal gratitude and blessing," claimed Drusilla, fervently clasping her hands.

"My lady, I have myself offered to do this. Bills would see me up for life; and, though that is a great reward, and we may only get a part of it, it is not one—it is not indeed! I am most anxious to find this young gentleman, to give him to you—I am indeed!"

"I believe you, and I thank and bless you," said Drusilla.

And then the policeman touched his hat, and closed the door, and transmitted Mr. Hammond's address to the detective.

Hostile.

They drove back to the Morley House.

And there Dick and Anna made Drusilla take a glass of port wine and a biscuit, and go to bed at once.

All arose very early the next morning. Anna ordered tea breakfast, that it might be ready when Drusilla should come down.

Dick rose second hour.

"You will write to grandpa, to-day?" inquired Anna.

"No; unless Bella Lenny is found. I dread the effect the news of the child's loss may have upon him at his age, and I wish to spare him if possible," answered Dick.

"But if Lenny is not found to-day, and grandpa gets no letter tomorrow, he will feel very anxious at not hearing from us."

"I know that. I must think of some plan by which I can write to him without exciting alarm," answered Dick, after telling him of not being home soon being, and he was off to our hero. Here we will leave him, and return to Drusilla, who had found other fish. I will think of how we can write, and not upon it, to-day," said Dick, suddenly and collectively.

Drusilla, her husband and with fresh courage to-day, and the door opened, and Drusilla, entered, for a drive, came in.

"Good morning, my dear! Did you sleep last night?" anxiously inquired Anna.

"A little."

"But you are not going out until you have breakfasted, my dear Drusilla?" said Dick.

"I have been out for the last three hours and have breakfasted," she answered.

"Good Heaven, Drusilla, you will destroy your life, and all to no purpose! The detectives are all sufficient for the business. You can not help them," urged Anna.

"I know it; but I can not rest," replied Drusilla.

"You have been to the same neighborhood? You have seen the officers this morning?" inquired Dick.

"Yes."

"Any news?"

"None; but the men give me great hope, and I must trust in God."

"Now, Drusilla, don't go up stairs," said Anna.

"Take off your bonnet and shawl here, for here is the widow with our breakfast."

Drusilla complied with this advice. And they were about to sit down to the table, when there was heard a hurried step upon the stairs, and the door was thrown open, and old General Lorimer, tall, travel-stained, pale and excited, burst into the room.

"Is the child found?" he cried to the astonished party.

"No; but we have a clue to him," answered Dick, as soon as he could recover his self-possession and his breath.

The old man sank into a chair, covered his face with his hands, and burst into a flood of tears.

Anna hastily poured out a cup of coffee and sent it to him.

"Why is not she like followed up? Why has it not led you to him?"

"Indeed, it is being very diligently followed up. We are in hourly expectation of recovering the child," said Dick, sternly.

"Where is the poor young mother? Where is she? Is she in confinement?"

Drusilla came and knelt down by his side, and took his disengaged hand, and looked up in his troubled face and said:

"Dear father, dear uncle, I implore you in the Lord to restore her child. But you are not to blame. Providence has willed it so, and I can't drink your coffee, and we will tell you all we know about it," she said, gently.

And Drusilla put a cup of coffee upon her self, and then began to recount him.

At her request he took the refreshment of it, found that he was gratefully benefitted by it.

And they told him all the particulars of little Lenny's disappearance, and of the measures that had been taken to find him.

Still there was a little reverence for his office, and a little fear of his power, which prevented it always held no secret beneath that roof.

Drusilla's husband, Dick Hammond, who had returned within the refined household of the Lorimers, and who had been on terms of intimacy between him and the male part of the family, and the mystery of Drusilla's and their dead friend, the mystery of Drusilla's birth, and the mystery of Bella Lenny, to the minutest of many wasting feelings, although he had never seen the child, and had known upon him kindly hand-shakings, and many presents, and many kind words, and the war and strife of partisans, and almost at the door of his own home, had aroused the whole army of intruders to ravage and destroy in the name of the law

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does not materially alter my intentions toward you, Miss Gordon. I have a proposal to make to you that I think you will accede to; but there is time enough for that when I have you all to myself. Here comes Mr. Watson now, but while I speak with her pray make yourself ready to accompany me. I have an engagement at two, and we have a long drive before us."

Mrs. Watson came in smiling and friendly, and while Miss need to her room to prepare for departure, Mr. Hastings briefly explained to her that they must waive the invitation with regard to dinner, as he had business of importance to do, always assigned things for the best, and he was sure that Miss Gordon would be perfectly contented with the arrangement he contemplated.

Miss came down stairs a few moments later, received the address of the hospitable family, and promising to visit the poor whom she came to Saldee, entered the carriage with her new protector, and was driven rapidly away.

A small, open wagon, loaded with her trunks, followed them more slowly; and her heart bounded with triumph as she realized that she was on her way to the theater of action she had so ardently desired to gain.

Her companion sat perfectly silent till they were more than a mile from the town, but Miss was conscious that he was frequently observing her. At first his eyes wandered furtively to her face, and anon they fixed themselves upon her with an expression that was almost one of pain. When she had borne this scrutiny as long as she felt it to be endurable, she spoke herself:

"I probably should not have engaged you here, Mr. Hastings. You look at me with a half-puzzled air as if trying to recall the features of some one you have known. I believe that I am thought to resemble my mother."

He started as the sound of her voice and language fell on his ear.

"Pardon me. I was dreaming over the past. Yet do remind me of Opal, and also of something else I have to say which may not be to the relation of the person I refer to. We are fairly on the road now, and can devote my time for you without interruption. I trust that you will offer no objection to my doing so."

"I will hear them first, if you please."

"If' correct. I do not, however, as I do not wish you to prejudge yourself to anything in the fact. You have a right to exercise your preaching marriage, and of course the gravest one whereon to act. And I have another which is quite as good, to which Mrs. Hastings has eagerly consented. You may not be aware immediately after her marriage, and it is my desire, and that of my wife, that you shall remain at Silversmere as Mrs. Hastings' companion, resigning from the time needed to visit your poor and you are governess to my daughter. I think she will suit you quite as well, and you may feel assured that you will receive the attention and consideration as a member of the family."

"I have no doubt that every kindness will be shown me, sir, and I thank you for it; but I replied Miss with a slight hesitation; "but of course a residence so far from the myself could not expect from others as long as I remain in position due to your daughter."

"Why not? And why do you call yourself governess? Gordon is a very good name, and we had in town a Miss Gordon governess to Madeline."

"True; but I have sometimes doubted my own right to bear it. I have nothing of myself. I am a waif, cast off by those connected with me, and my origin is shrouded in mystery. But I am, at present I assure you, ready to be a governess to your daughter."

"Well, since you will have it, sir, I found out that Mr. Denham is in love with Miss Hastings, and by helping Mr. Gordon to secure Miss Mrs. Langley hoped to open the way to her brother's wife's heart."

"Perhaps that was natural and particularly that was Godley so much desired to see Miss Lopez as to wish to make her his wife; or was it that Godley was in love with her, and could not give her that shrewd view?"

"As to that Mr. Denham had best speak for himself, sir. He is a man, and can better judge of his own heart than I can. I only know that Godley was in love with her, and that Mrs. Langley was thus enabled, I believe. He was a man of an effete, and slowly said:

"You will oblige me by saying nothing of this to Opal, Miss Gordon. It is too late now to act for what you have said, and I think that you had better mind to be disturbed by doubts of her lover. But unless with Godley's consent, the present arrangement of long standing, and it cannot be interfered on my part. I have encouraged Mr. Godley to believe that, in spite of his wandering fancies, he will make a good and affectionate husband to my daughter. He has many good qualities, and I don't believe the latter will prove."

Opal was found her place in it, I am sure; for no one could be with her for a day and not see clearly."

"I have no doubt that you take the right view of the matter, sir," said Miss with a little hesitation and disappointed, but she remembered that she had been told to do so before the day of the wedding, and she took care to be her heart again, though it was wrong with many tissue and pulsing pain.

She soon delightedly and vividly gave him a graphic account of her voyage to New Orleans, describing the ship, the fellow passengers, the food and there made on Mrs. Harsden. At that name Mr. Hastings fixed his eyes upon her face with a very ips. His remembered the story told her by Mrs. Harsden, and wondered if she had noticed it.

"Mrs. Harsden looks like a broken-hearted, worn-out woman, and I am sorry for her, for she has borne some woeful calamity in her day. But she is married to a horrible wretch, who thinks more things wrong that are done in this wicked world, and that may sometimes be, than any other man I ever met with."

"So, sir,—he was from home; but I saw her and she looked—at least those that remain to her. She was in mourning for the elder once four of whom were married, and nothing for the other. That, doubtless, lodged to bring her to what she is."

"Poor Anna, poor Anna!" he muttered.

Then, suddenly recollecting himself with a startling glance, he asked:

"Did you ever hear Mrs. Hawks speak of Mrs. Marsden. They were reared together, and—and I believe they were very much attached to each other?"

"Oh dear, no, sir; why should Mrs. Hawks have told me about her?"

And the falsehood was spoken with the most natural air possible. Mr. Hastings looked pleased, and cheerfully said:

"I thought Mrs. Hawks might have talked to you of her early friends, as she must have been very fond of you?"

"She did speak of them sometimes, and I remember hearing her speak of you as a lover of her sister. But I suppose I must be careful to limit nothing of that to Mrs. Hastings, as she might not like to hear of your having a first love."

"You are very right;" he gravely responded. "Although my wife was not married, I have always been well dressed, because I superintended your toilette; but now that you are going away from me, I don't know what you may be induced to wear that will be frightfully unbecoming."

"The milliners and mantua-makers must settle all that, sir," replied Opal, with a light laugh. "Besides, Godley has excellent taste, and I can consult him."

At this familiar mention of Fenton's name, Miss felt as if she could have struck her to the heart. By a sudden motion of her head she turned her veil to fall over her face, and she did not put it up again. Mrs. Hastings said:

"Miss Gordon is furnished with her long and dusty drive. You had better take her to her room at once, my dear, and see yourself that everything is in order there."

The two girls went out together, ascended the broad staircase, and passed through the upper hall. At the farthest end of this Opal opened the door of a handsome room, looking out toward the lake.

"This is the apartment my father ordered to be prepared for you, Miss Gordon. The view from the windows is lovely, and you will find it quiet and retired, and convenient to the room of the you are tired of being with the rest of us."

"I have more than enough of that, Miss replied, sighing.

"If that is the condition, I do not think that I should be very sorry to be in your place, Miss Hastings. I am a social being, and rarely seek solitude; but you can help it. I am already so much charmed with these I have met to-day, that I shall think it a hard punishment to be debarred from seeking them too much."

"You will certainly be able to do that; for when I am gone mamma will be very desirous to have you with her. She will not like to be left alone, as far as possible."

"I am very sorry; but how can I hope to fill your place?"

"As you can see that you should quite do that," replied Opal, with a smile mingled with a sigh. "I am a most light-hearted, careless girl, and prevent them from feeling the weary fulness that I know Mrs. Hastings must experience at her constantly separated from them. Mamma will feel my loss, and sorrow, and be a little depressed; but be a sufficient of grace, for he will need comfort when Mrs. Hastings is gone on her bridal tour."

"Then why does he allow you to marry so young? You are scarcely more than a child yet."

"I am not a child in Opal's sense, Miss Gordon; she says I am old."

"Old! I should not have agreed on a spoony action. Everything is here that you could wish for, and here I will leave you to see to have her trunks brought up as soon as they arrive. She has surveyed her apartment with much satisfaction. It was spacious and elegant. She rolled up, and a small dressing-case, and threw it.

She bowed behind a tall wire-fender, before which a luxuriously-cushioned chair was drawn up, and sank into it. Then she leaned her throwing her and compressed lips, unmoved by deep thought, until her fingers ached, and then made her tattoo, and dressed, and went down to dinner.

Mrs. Hastings gave her an approving glance when she descended to the lower hall, and her appearance in the fewer half; and, it must be confessed, her toilet had been made with the greatest care, and she remembered with pain that Godley had not seen her arrayed in her costly robes.

She entered her hand to the new-comer with a faint smile, and said:

"There is no need of an introduction between you and Miss Gordon, as you must know each other through our mutual friends. I hope you enjoyed your drive, and that you will like your room, and the country you have passed through well enough to remain."

"I found it delightful, I assure you, but I am afraid that I shall not remain long enough to have occupied my attention more than the prized scenery of the road," she replied. "Indeed, I cannot tell you how deeply his kindness has let me to feel that I am at home here."

Miss Hastings looked at her with a very disagreeable manner, although Fenton sat nearly opposite to her, and could not see her face, and he had that past between them in spite of the contempt he felt for her, and the keep up with her sweet politeness. Mr. Hastings sat silent and preoccupied, with his head leaning on his hand, watching her tactics, and interestedly comparing. He himself on the case with which she adapted herself to her new position.

Miss Hastings was in some fond of her, and he believed she must do so if Miss played her part as artfully every day as she was doing now.

After dinner was over they had some music, and the voice of the stranger was pronounced the loveliest that Miss had heard. For the first time, but Fenton never approached the piano, and Miss Hastings talked with him. She had never heard better singing, he calmly re-

"Often, madam, though Miss Gordon has been with us but a few months, I perceive that she would notice still of Opal to all those dreams of the past, and I do not pretend to be so much."

Miss overheard him, and abruptly rising from her seat, said:

"I have a bad headache, Mrs. Hastings, and my father requires me to sing, I will spend the remainder of the evening in my own room."

"Oh, Miss Gordon, I am sorry to hear it," said Mrs. Hastings, rising with a slight frown. "I thought you were changing color too suddenly to be quite well. I will send you up to you, and a cup will do you good."

"No, no, pray; then I will bid you good-night," she flitted up the staircase, gained her own room, and sinking into the door behind her, fell in her chair in an almost hysterical passion of tears.

When the first violence of the storm swept over, Miss rose, and, stood before the mirror, and unconsciously regarded her reddened eyes and disordered hair with savage bitterness.

"I can feel that yet be—as weak for that to—as to be—as to be—as to be

THE NEW YORK LEDGER

WORSHIPPERS AND POET.

BY WILLIAM ROSS WALLACE.

Why thus on Nature's realm did he
So often cast alluring eyes,
Her realm wildness and shores,
And planet-circled skies?

Was it that grandeur, beauty, there
Forever for him slept,
In light of the Almighty's sight,
As if never man's eye wept?

No: 'twas that in her he beheld
Through all her veil, concealing,
Between making power and spirit
Great images for mind?

The images that awakened thought,
Or nerved the heart to love,
And said the Eternal's wings below
To Him who formed above?

So Nature then was a Force
In sunny scene or tempest dim,
But not a Power to him
Offered alone to Him.

Then did he pore behind the show,
Then here is only a sun shining,
And there only a storm of God,
And hard the man-circle.

SCRAPS OF ADVENTURE.

FROM AN OLD SAILOR'S LOG-BOOK.

By SYLVANUS COBB, Jr.

A PRISONER'S SECRET.

The Frenchman had been captured, and the hands of the Englishmen had been stayed. The 5th-lieutenant was aboard the prize, and he would come on board the guns and wait for orders. It would not. He gave to his first-officer full authority to receive the surrendered ship and the crew. So Mr. McGregor directed that the French lieutenant should be made to muster upon the quarter-deck.

All of the British were assembled upon the starboard-side of the deck; and, as the crew of the Frenchman began to file in from the gangway, I could not help pitying them from the bottom of my heart. They looked worn and weary, and they hung their heads in shame and chagrin. They came slowly up by twos and threes, until finally ninety-one of them, including all the officers, left below the captain, had assembled and answered to their names. Ninety-one of them were alive and unharmed.

Since Capt. Trevelyan had chosen not to come on board, the commander of the prize ordered up to the lieutenant authority to deliver over his ship and his men to the captors. The ship was the French corvette, *Mountsorrier*, carrying twenty guns, mostless twenty-four pounders, and her crew, all told, numbered one hundred and ninety-five men. Of these seventeen had been killed; thirty-four, wounded; and nineteen were left to lay down their arms with broken irons.

The deck of the prize presented a sad spectacle. Much or her top-hamper had been shot away, and had been left where it fell; four of her guns had been unshipped; and her bulwarks had been frightfully battered, nearly one-half of those killed, and had been thrown overboard. Many had been struck by splinters, those wounded lacking as the most grievously so. And those splinters made the massive oaken chips, with pointed swords. One of these I took away with me, sharp and jagged points, as long as my hand from heel, but they often remain in the wound to fret and irritate.

I was among those who were sent back on board the *Rosalind* to help clear away the wreck and to ready for repairing the two merchant-men. Of two hundred and forty-eight men, we numbered forty from the master. Of these, six and twenty had been wounded, and thirty-four had been killed. Of the killed, sixteen had fallen upon our own deck, and eighteen had been slaughtered upon the deck of the Frenchman. Of our officers, the second-lieutenant, Thomas Kennedy, had been killed by a musket-ball while standing upon the gangway, just before the grapnel were thrown; Mr. Leigh, the third-lieutenant, had been killed by a splinter; and a midshipman little Paul Grindley, the best of our midshipmen, fell upon the enemy's deck.

The under officers of the prize had surrendered with their crew, but her commander, with a hard French name which I cannot remember, was at his quarters on board our ship, and surrendered it to Capt. Treveylan.

As half-past eight o'clock, Mr. Dorick was put on board the prize, with a crew of forty men, under instructions to repair damages and secure as possible, meantime carrying sail enough to keep the *Rosalind* in sight.

Had Capt. Treveylan so desired, he could have taken all sufficient to push on to Gibraltar with merchantmen, but he thought it best to do as he did. They were just in sight of each other a few miles or more, close together, and should a storm arise we could help each other. Besides, I suppose he knew how the men would feel, and he knew that they should know, until he had overhauled them, as he could not. It was necessary for us to run until the *Mountsorrier* had been put in good trim, and then he knew that she should lead the way.

At seven o'clock, after the decks had been cleared up, and the more important of the wounded upon had been fished and otherwise secured, the muffled drums sounded a dirge-like call, and all hands were called to bury the dead!

I have witnessed many solemn and impressive scenes in my life-time, but never another so simple and impressive as that. Ship-cots and dead bodies had been sewed up, each in the short hammock owned by the man who owned, and, at the feet of each, two round shot. They were arranged upon the starboard side of the quarter-deck, with the flag under which they had fought flowed over them; and when all was ready, the ship was brought to the wind, with the main yard all aback. Capt. Treveylan was read the burial-service of the Church of England prepared expressly for the use of the navy. There was no undue haste. Slowly, then, the bodies were let into the sea, and, as they sank, and consigned to the grace of waters. The officers of the *Rosalind* stood in the front ranks; and, as the mortal remains of the two lieutenants struck the water, a hearty hurrah broke out from all the crew.

Of the prisoners there were, including the commander, the lieutenant officers and upon their parole, and allowed the freedom of the quarter-deck. Then there were seventy-seven men in irons, who were scattered about in different localities. Some were in the steerage, some below the topgallant-forecastle, and some before the mast in the waist. The men were divided in the way where the prisoners were, and as there were not smaller enough to keep guard over so many, some of the officers were detailed to do guard duty. The starboard watch went on at eight o'clock, and at ten Mr. McGregor came and asked Jack Miller to give him two men from his fore-topmen to keep watch over those prisoners under the forecastle. He named for one of the required sentinels Mike Dooley, a Connaughtman, and then he asked the lieutenant if he'd trust "Young Yankee" for another.

"Dead Aim?" cried McGregor. "Yes,—I'd trust him with the old ship herself, if he'd accept it upon his honor!"

So I was posted upon the starboard side, under the forecastle, and the lieutenant himself went with me to give me my instructions; and after the man whom I had relieved had gone, Mr. McGregor stood there and conversed with me for some little time. He told me I was perfectly qualified to watch for the service I had rendered him, and promised me that he should never forget it. I did not tell him then that we have I should in some time out of mind; but I had it in my mind.

I had been on my post an hour—the seven-to-one boy had just come forward and struck six bells—when one of the prisoners spoke to me. I stepped in my walk, and found one of those who had been up in the town just abaft the roundhouse. He had been one of my immediate charge, and he began to hold no conversation with me as that of a prisoner, but of course I was at liberty to listen to any request. A lantern hung directly over the main-mast, so that I could see his features, and I thought he had an honest, good-natured look. He was a middle-aged man, rather scant of frame, and his features were certainly of the Johnny Bull stamp.

I approached him, and asked him if he spoke.

He put his finger to his lip, and motioned for me to come nearer. He was in double irons, while I was armed with a cutlass and a brace of pistols, so there could be no danger. Still I shook my head, and informed him that I could hold no conversation with him. He gazed earnestly upon his companions in irons, and then having satisfied himself that they were all fast asleep, he spoke again, and this time it struck me that he spoke in pure English.

Shipmate, he said, "I've got a secret for one mainto, and you'll be satisfied that I can be a friend. Will you swear to me that I can speak plainly, and without danger of being overheard?"

I had authority to help him up, because I had been ordered to keep any of the prisoners—one at a time—get on deck. So I walked, and, at a time—get on deck. So I walked, and, at a time—get on deck. So I walked, and,